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*The Life Triumphant  
and Other Poems*  
Charles Russell Wakeley



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Am. Bems  
(1911)

Charles R. Wakeley  
January 13, 1912.







MOTHER.

## MOTHER.



**Q**UEEN of the queenliest, lover of lovers,  
Gentle and kind of life's kindest ones,  
Faithful, devoted, the mother of mothers,  
All of the world were thy daughters and sons.

Beauty so winsome was never beholden  
Impictured on continent, ocean or isle  
As that which, love-glimmering, seemed to unfold in  
The exquisite, angelic light of thy smile.

Courage? There seemingly never existed  
Spirit more dauntless, heroic and brave.  
Pain thou bore valiantly, life thou insisted  
Was mightier far than the might of the grave.

Mother, our mother, we never can lose thee,  
Death cannot claim such a spirit as thine  
Sainted by sinners, we know God approves thee  
For thou wert immortal and thou wert divine.

LOVINGLY DEDICATED  
TO THE  
MEMORY OF MY MOTHER  
WHOSE LIFE WAS A DIVINE POEM AND  
WHOSE PASSING TRIUMPHANT  
AND GLORIOUS







THE LIFE  
TRIUMPHANT  
AND  
OTHER POEMS



BY  
CHARLES RUSSELL WAKELEY

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## THE LIFE TRIUMPHANT



**I** AM passing through the country of  
the stricken and the dying;  
I have seen the face of suffering, of  
hopelessness and fear;  
But I come to voice the knowledge that is  
deep and satisfying;  
I'm the bearer of glad tidings of good com-  
radeship and cheer.

I have come to sound the music of the life  
that is eternal;  
The life that knows no weakness, limi-  
tations, pain or loss;  
I have come to sing the beauty of the life  
that is supernal;  
The sweetness of earth's bitterness, the glory  
of her cross.

*THE LIFE TRIUMPHANT*

I am a voice that crieth in the land of desolation,

Wherein the wails of broken hearts and broken lives are heard;

But I cry of hope's fulfillment—nathless all of time's mutation—

And of joy unmitigated for the doubting, the perturbed.

I raise the song of triumph when the foolish cry disaster;

I emphasize the victory which dying man may claim;

Some tell of life the bond-slave, but I speak of life the master;

I magnify its goodness and I minimize its blame.

I prophesy the riches which the lowly shall inherit;

The bruised ones, the bleeding ones, the burdened ones and sore;

A love which grants abundance, not according to man's merit

But according to man's cravings and the fullness of God's store.



Then let the earth be glad again and let the  
heart be brightened !

Let anxiousness be cast aside, the spirit  
cease to grieve !

And let the feet untiring move and let the  
load be lightened ;

Let sorrow in the heart rejoice and unbelief  
believe.

For in the great economy of God there's  
nothing wasted ;

The yearnings of the human heart were  
never born in vain ;

There shall be greater blessings than this  
mortal life hath tasted ;

Unending benedictions as the recompense  
for pain.

Then let us welcome cheerfully whatever  
earth may proffer ;

Accept the cup she yields us, drinking  
deeply of her wine ;

Believing that immortal love pervades what-  
e'er she offers ;

That all of life at heart is good, compassion-  
ate, divine.

## MY LIFE.



MY life is rich, abounding, for the  
sources when it fills  
Are exhaustless and more ancient  
than the everlasting hills.

It feeds in pastures ever green where living  
waters flow ;

It shelters 'neath the mighty Rock which  
naught can overthrow.

It knows no limitations, human weakness or  
disease ;

It is flooded by the waters of immeasurable  
seas ;

It is the life unfolding in the growing plant and  
vine ;

As perfect and as wonderful and even more  
divine.

It cannot be inhibited by circumstance of  
earth ;

Its wealth cannot be measured in the scales of  
human worth ;

Its rise is in the ages of the generations past ;  
Its issue in far future generations great and  
    vast ;  
Its purposes are mightier than thought hath  
    yet conceived ;  
Its promises more wonderful than any plan  
    achieved ;  
It finds its own fulfillment in the structure that  
    it rears ;  
Ill-fashioned oft by human hands and soiled  
    by human tears.  
It cannot lose itself in death nor waste itself in  
    pain ;  
But issuing in fuller life, eternal shall remain.

## ADVENTURE.



ET me become the strong, adventurous one,  
Inspired by lofty purpose, knightly zeal,

With faith unfeigné who would gladly run  
A course untraveled, flinching not to feel  
The suffering, the pain, the keen distress  
Of wild adventure through life's wilderness  
Yet unexplored; yet having heart to trust  
That life at core is infinitely good  
And wise and true, beneficent and just,  
Though oft by ignorance misunderstood,  
Despised, dishonored. trodden in the dust.

What recks the biting agony, the toll  
That life exacts of every pilgrim form?  
'Twas not for fulsome pleasure we were born,  
But for the higher conquests of the soul.  
It is enough if we may eat the bread  
Of fuller wisdom, and be visited  
By holier presences.

Though the way seem far, the footing rough,  
To breathe life's fuller, life's diviner air,  
To catch the vision of some far-off star,  
To feel the throbbing of some vital prayer—  
The joys no accidents of time can mar—  
Are surely, surely recompense enough.

Why murmur we like children, foam and fret;  
Because of dallying winds of circumstance?  
The very barriers overcome beget  
More strengthened sinews for the soul's advance;

Then on and on in greater, vaster courses I'd  
pursue

Unrecked, unventured fastnesses, achieve  
Some fresh experience elsewhere unguessed,  
Respect the old, yet magnify the new;  
Let not subservience to the past deceive,  
Subvert my feet from journeying forward, lest  
My course at last grow faltering or untrue.  
Nay, I would trust the stiller voice within,  
Nor quail before tradition's august power;  
Stagnation's death would be life's foulest sin,  
And Ease the beast long waiting to devour.

## MANHOOD.



IN days like these  
When Mammon claims such  
hordes of votaries  
And human powers and art  
are trained to seize  
Material values as the highest goal,  
It is refreshing to behold a man  
Seeking to compass some diviner plan  
Placing life's rightful stress upon the soul.

It is a pleasure great  
To know that some within the halls of state  
Before a holier shrine than Mammon's wait  
The sacred bidding of their King's behest ;  
Who see beyond the Present's paltry aims  
The Future's vast far-reaching, higher claims,  
Perceiving in life's Ultimates life's test.

## MANHOOD

Some men we find—  
Rail-splitters it may be, who have divined  
Truths undiscovered by the common mind—  
Whose vision and whose purpose are as one;  
Who, steadfast to their deeper natures, feel  
The goading impulse of some high ideal—  
Timing their pocket-pieces by the sun.  
Such lift their forms  
Like Redwoods in a common forest,  
Mock the storm which sways the little sap-  
lings, or which warns  
The mariner to venture not at sea;  
Deep strike their roots within this earthly clod,  
Kissed are their foretops by the winds of God,  
Their lofty spirits mighty are and free.

I emulate  
Not ravenous souls, howe'er by some called  
great  
Forsooth, because some curious fortunes wait  
Upon their cunning and their crafty skill;  
Rather, for me, a lovelier life I choose—  
To play the man, though I may seem to lose;  
Honor and Faith shall be my good friends still.

TO L. W. G.



SWEET life departed—gentle, pure  
and fair,  
So fraught with gracious service  
for mankind,  
In lowliest soil how surely thou wouldst find  
Some chance to plant some fadeless blossom  
there  
Plucked from life's mountains in that purer air  
Where thy discernment beauteous buds di-  
vined!  
Thou, frail of body, yet with heart so strong,  
So wise, courageous, kindly, brave and true,  
Who found life's goodness peering through its  
wrong  
And drank the bitter potion of life's rue  
With such heroic spirit, yet didst long  
For human love which thine could'st kindle  
to—  
Thou hast a thousand lovers earth bestrewn,  
Whose transformed lives shall be thy lasting  
tomb.



## TO-MORROW.



FANCY when time in the future  
shall weigh

On the scales of the ages our little  
today,

And the centuries view with unprejudiced  
ken

Those conditions which seem to engulf us,  
that then,

Could we live in the light of those ages  
unborn,

And, from knowledge more perfect, our own  
judgments form,

Strangely altered, indeed, would those judg-  
ments appear

From the judgments we frame of conditions  
while here;

And the deeds we think great and those acts  
we deem wise,

Would appear very foolish and small in our  
eyes;

While those things we consider of childish  
estate,

In the eyes of the aeons of time would be  
great.

## THE UNIVERSAL CRY.



GIVE me to live a life as free  
And wild as a sportsman's life  
would be,

A life as pulsing, a life as full  
As throbs in the heart of a mighty bull.

Give me to live a life as strong  
As lives which to athletes well trained belong;  
A life of vision, a life of power,  
With roots in the ages and not the hour.

Give me to live the life which dares  
Fashion alone from its deeds its prayers,  
Mighty of courage to act, to will,  
Fearful that nothing without can kill.

Give me to live, to strive, to dare,  
Give me my burden of life to bear,  
Give me to follow the winding road,  
Give me the sinews to lift my load.

Give me of losses and give me of gain,  
Give me the riches of joy and pain,  
Give me the life abounding, scorn  
For what is of fear and of weakness born.

Give me to live, to feel the fires  
Of human passions and mad desires;  
Give me the powers of self-control,  
The might to master a storm-swept soul.

Give me to live, I have no heart  
To play but a coward's or a craven's part;  
Give me to live, from out this dust  
To wage war on the hell of all self-distrust.

Give me to live a life which sees  
The folly of sumptuous, well-fed ease;  
Give me to live, what'ever the strife,  
For life is goodly and God is life.

Then hear me, alone for this I cry;  
Give me to live, and not to die.  
This is the gift I would have life give,  
*Give me to live! Give me to live!*

## UNWORTHY.



TANDING upon the topmost pin-  
nacle of time

I view the mighty structure Life  
hath wrought

Through all the ages with untiring thought  
And deathless energy and wise design,  
And am made conscious that the mass sublime  
Was framed together at the frightful cost  
Of men who toiled and suffered and are lost  
Amid the trackless labyrinths of time ;  
And I who pluck the fruitage of their pain  
And to whose lips their blood is turned to  
wine

Fall on my knees and from my heart exclaim  
“I am unworthy of this gift of thine ;  
I am unworthy” and my speechless sob  
Re-echoes still “Unworthy, O my God !”

## ANSWERED.



SOUGHT for proof of God, nor  
could I rest  
Till I had found the object of my  
quest.

I studied nature, wrestled wit her laws,  
To wrench from her some knowledge of her  
cause.

I searched through realms of scientific thought,  
To find disclosed the object I had sought.  
In earth and air, in sea and sky in vain,  
I sought, the object of my search to gain.  
In living creatures, from primordial germ,  
To man the microcosm to discern  
Proof of God's life, I wrought with giant will,  
Used every method known to human skill,

Yet wrought so vainly that the very means  
 I used to aid me, only mocked my dreams,  
 Laughed at my toil and effort, scorned the  
     pride,  
 Which with a god would have man's life  
     allied.

The very Science of the world, but smiled,  
 That man, fool man, should be so vain a child.  
 Grown old through many anxious days  
 And nights of earnest effort, over ways  
 It seemed must lead most surely to the goal,  
 I so long sought with all my strength of soul;  
 Discouraged and disheartened and forlorn,  
 As thus I sat, unto my eyes was borne  
 The vision of an image wondrous fair,  
 Whose magic charm no language may de-  
     clare—

And thus the vision spoke: "Science did  
     well

To chide thy folly, which would have her tell  
 Of things she may not know, much less dis-  
     close

To thee, her Lord, though willingly she  
     chose—

The secret of God's being rests with thee,  
 Thy life, alone, thy life from doubt canst free.

Regard it well, not in its outer form  
Of flesh alone, of which thou must be shorn,  
Nor yet the wondrous workings of thy brain,  
So quick to balance, credit or disclaim;  
But in thy natural instincts to possess  
The good or ill, the right or wrong redress.  
Who gave the thoughts of good or ill to claim  
Ere thy small tongue could lisping give them  
name?  
What then is good? How knowest thou to  
choose  
The right or wrong—the good or ill refuse?”  
And as I listened, conscience loudly spoke—  
“I am God’s life in thee,” and I awoke.

## A RETROSPECT



FROM the winding water courses  
where the tangled grasses  
dipped,  
From among its mossy boulders  
where my childish feet have slipped,  
From the sunny, flow'ry meadows where the  
berry and the bee  
And the blossoms with their fragrance were  
companions meet for me.

From the long, stone-fenced, vine-trellised  
walls where nature's fingers played,  
To where the towering elm tree lifts its giant  
arms of shade,  
From daisy and from buttercup, from robin,  
thrush and wren,  
Call voices of a far-off past and I am young  
again.



Again the old familiar lane gives welcome to  
my tread,  
The buzzing bees glean honey from the locusts overhead.  
How foolish seems the strife of life and its discordant noise  
When measured by the priceless wealth of  
childhood's early joys!

Again I see the faces, and the voices now I  
hear  
Of those beloved ones removed whose memories are so dear;  
They seem to speak from out the past as oft  
they spoke before,  
They speak in memory, though they speak by  
word of mouth no more.

My father speaks again to me from out the  
distant past  
Wherein our lives together in the stream of  
life were cast,  
Again I catch the accents of those early, far-off days,—  
I, who have wandered off so far in such undreamed-of ways.

My early friends, my early hopes, come troop-  
ing at my will;  
The vase is shattered, but the fragrance of the  
rose lifts still;  
And though my human eyes I close, with a  
diviner sight  
I catch the glories of the past undarkened by  
the night.  
And through it all, unceasingly, I feel the  
deathless fire  
Of love which reaches outward for the things  
of its desire;  
And though all goodness prove but ill, and  
truth itself a lie,  
I know that love will find its own and cannot,  
cannot die.

Speak not to me of glory, nor of honor, nor of  
power,  
Which flourish like the ancient gourd to perish  
in an hour;  
Speak rather of eternal things, most holy, most  
divine,  
Ay! Speak of love, the priceless pearl, which  
may be yours and mine.

*A RETROSPECT*

I close the chambers of my heart, my mem-  
ories stow away;

Again I set myself to meet the duties of the  
day.

But in the hurried work of life, and when  
the world seems cold,

I fancy that I'm richer for the wealth those  
chambers hold.

## LIFE'S UNFOLDMENT.



HENCE springs humanity?  
Out of the wild,  
Out of earth's chaos and seem-  
ing inanity  
Springeth life's child.  
Out of earth's blackness,  
Out of its night,  
Groping half blindly on  
Seeking the light;  
Out of its infancy  
Prattling and prying,  
Peevish and fretful,  
Struggling and crying;  
Out of the shadows of dread superstition,  
Slaves to the ghosts of a long-spent tradition,  
Creeping and crawling from grosser conditions  
Striving and dying.

*LIFE'S UNFOLDMENT*

Whither humanity?  
Upward and on,—  
Much of its ignorance, folly and vanity  
Soon will be gone.  
Up like the lily,  
Which lifts from the slime;  
Up like the grasses,  
And up like the pine;  
Up toward life's brightness;  
Patiently plying,  
Bent on uprightness,  
Living or dying;—  
Child of the sod,—  
Draw like the stream, though impeded, which  
courses  
Forth from the springs of its own shallow  
sources  
On toward the ocean: thus all nature's forces  
Draw man to God.

## THE PASSING OF THE YEAR.



THE old, old year is dead :  
Of all its doubts and all its fears  
Of all its pleasures, all its pains,  
Of all its sorrows, all its tears,  
Naught but the memory remains.

We greet the glad New Year!  
Its untried paths we trust may lead  
Our stumbling feet in better ways,  
And that from out the dead past's seed  
May spring a harvest to God's praise.

## ULTIMA THULE.



HAVE traversed the world with the  
scope of my thought;

I have delved into science, have  
labored, have wrought;

I have gone the whole round of creation to  
find

The ultimate end for which life was designed.

I stand, as it were, on a cliff by the shore  
Of an infinite ocean whose waters, that roar  
At my feet, bear strange music from vistas  
unknown.

I am far from my quest, I am far from my  
home.

Mine eyes rest upon the expanse of the waves;  
Though my intellect finds not the knowledge  
it craves,

It hath found its own bounds, its own limits,  
and yields

To the limitless life which the vision reveals.

*ULTIMA THULE*

I am humbled by what I behold, yet I stand  
Erect as I gaze o'er the sea and the land,  
For I know whence I came and I know that  
the sea  
Hath only unspeakable glories for me.

So I wait and content, though my quest was  
denied,  
I await the high waters which come with the  
tide,  
And with their recession, in faith, I believe  
On their bosom my soul shall its answer  
receive.



## THE DEATH OF MOSES.

(After viewing the painting by J. J. Tissot.)



    GREAT Soul! And so thou labored,  
        so thou wrought!  
    And can it be when thou wert  
        called to die  
Such toil as thine, such fruitage could'st have  
    brought,  
    Such pain, such heartache and such misery?

Thou livedst the life of greatness but thy woe  
    Of hopes long cherished and yet unfulfilled,  
The sheltered life may never, never know,  
    Which hath not largely hoped and greatly  
    willed.

*THE DEATH OF MOSES*

Ah! Man of men the master, and the strong  
Of heart and brain to lead God's chosen  
band,

Mute now thy lips to speak against the wrong!  
Prostrate thy form and empty now thy hand!

Thy face! Oh suffering personified!  
No hand untouched by sorrow could portray  
Such features—('Twas a master's art which  
tried  
To trace thy great soul's awful agony).

As there thou liest, emblem of our race,—  
Greatest of those who lived and wrought  
and won,  
Abject despair is pictured on thy face,  
Broken thy heart and all thy hopes undone.

And some say, "Heed the lesson, mark it well,  
Prison thy hopes and be content, nor try  
For Canaan's riches, still in Egypt dwell,  
Make humble bricks of clay and earth—  
and die."

Nay! Rather let us press along with thee!

Aspire to heaven, seeking lands unknown,  
And if it mean great suffering, let it be;—

The lands we seek may be our children's  
home!

In all the ages what accounts our pain,

Or what the cup which to our lips is pressed  
Outpouring anguish may prove priceless gain,  
Be ours the Titan effort,—God's the rest.

## MY ENEMY.



Y enemy. Who? What harm  
can he do?

How injure my life if its currents  
run true?

What matter who come with the sound of the  
drum

Demanding subjection! I cannot succumb.  
No evil can press me, divert me, distress me  
When conscience uprises in honor to bless me.  
No fiend can annoy, assail or destroy  
A life which hath laid deep foundations for joy.

My enemy? No; it cannot be so;  
I only, I only, can bear myself woe;  
Those forces which still are permitted to kill  
Are flimsiest shadows compared with my will.  
It is I, who may say, be it night-time or day;  
It is I, not another, directing my way;  
It is I, who must win, if my battle be won;  
By no friend and no kin can my service be  
done.

*MY ENEMY*

My enemy, then, is not found among men,  
But ah! most seductively speaks to me when  
Desire bids me not try for the thing that is  
    high,  
But eases my life with some beautiful lie,  
Danger's form I espy, not far distant, but nigh,  
And his right nomenclature is I, myself, I!

## OPULENCE.



AM rich—

All the wealth of the ages I hold ;

All the wealth of all kingdoms,

Uncounted, untold,

Unconjectured, is mine.

And thou thinkest to curse

My life by the theft of the coin from my  
purse ?

Is such ignorance thine?

Witless Fool ! I shall live

As I have lived, but more,

Though I clothe me with rags

And do beg from the door

Of my friends.

I am richer, poor beggar, than thou

Who canst take not the light of

Life's wealth from my brow,

But through tricks seek thy ends.

## OPULENCE

I am rich !

I have gathered life's wealth in my store ;  
I hunger for goodness, for favor no more ;  
I rejoice with today.  
Life's great meanings I hold  
A treasure I count me more splendid  
Than th' gold which fools bury away.

## THANKSGIVING.



**N**OT only for life's sunshine and its  
flowers,  
Its ample store of comfort and of  
wealth,

Not only for its glad and cheerful hours,  
Its full supply of happiness and health,—  
Not for these blessings only, would I raise  
Father, to thee, my voice of grateful praise.


Father, I thank thee for life's storm and stress;  
Father, I thank thee for its bitter tears  
Whose only mission was at last to bless  
And make me stronger for the future years;  
For all life's seeming dark and crooked ways  
Which taught me trust in thee, I give thee  
praise.



THANKSGIVING

Not for life's friends alone, though true and  
rare,  
The friends whose lives have seemed to touch  
my need;  
But for those hours when mortal could not  
share  
Those deepest thoughts on which I needs  
must feed,  
Because thou taught me even in those days  
To place my hand in thine, I give thee praise.

## EVENTIDE.

 **T**IS glorious beside the sea  
When lightnings flash and thun-  
ders roar,  
When tempests in their frenzied  
glee

In bold defiance, wild and free,  
Lash up the waters on the shore.

'Tis grand upon Niagara's side  
To see the rushing torrent flow,  
And view the awful foaming tide  
So deep, so ponderous, and so wide,  
Plunge to the rocky bed below.

At visions such as these how small  
Appear the little thoughts of men.  
We hear Jehovah's august call  
In rushing flood and waterfall,  
And when he smites the main.

*EVENTIDE*

But in the quiet twilight hour,  
When nature seems so hushed and still,  
When hardly moves a leaf or flower,  
Ah, then, behold a greater power  
Revealed by Sovereign will.

## OUR BABY.



HE was a dainty little flower, too  
fragile and too fair  
To long subsist on earthly soil or  
breathe our worldly air;  
She seemed a spirit from the skies, that she  
might here make plain  
The beauty of self-sacrifice and uncomplaining  
pain.  
She was the soul of gentleness, her nature had  
the skill  
Of suffering in silent pain, suppression of her  
will;  
She voiced no cry of bitterness in all life's  
bitter hours;  
She came to suffer much distress and perish  
like the flowers.  
She left us, she was dear to us, but well we  
know her worth  
Shall be remembered as God's gift,—his perfect  
gift to earth.

## FRIENDS.



E'RE friends, just friends! And  
yet how vain  
To seek to find a lovelier name!

In all the history of man  
From savage life of tribal clan  
To days when wonders so unfold  
Naught seems so worthless as The Old,  
One mighty living link still chains  
The past with all that yet remains!  
One light still shines undimmed and lends  
Its beams afar,—The Love of Friends.

We're friends, just friends. You think the  
word  
Quite old? But yesterday 'twas heard  
And poorly uttered,—it is true  
There is no other word so new.  
We're friends,—the world of man is one,  
The least is not unworthy, none  
To be the disregarded. All  
Together rise, together fall!

*FRIENDS*

We're friends, just friends but goodlier seems  
That word than in our childish dreams,  
And years increasing will unfold  
New meanings mightier than the old.

## A CHRISTMAS GREETING.



LD Time once more hath led away  
The seasons of the year,  
And sleighbells lightly chime again  
For Christmas-tide is here.  
The happy old reunion days  
With rare good-will have come,  
And kindly gifts from loving hearts  
Unite us all as one.  
The spirit of the Nazarene  
Seems born to earth again;  
Once more we catch the Heavenly light  
Which shone o'er Bethlehem.  
Not all our friends of yesteryear  
Are spared to us today,  
But nothing of their worth, we know,  
Can ever pass away.  
And so, our dear remaining friends,  
We greet you with good cheer,  
And wish within our hearts for you  
A very glad New Year!

## THE ENCHANTRESS.



LISTENED to thy call, Seductive  
Art,  
Enticing me with music and with  
song

To quite forget the burdened human heart,  
To quite forget life's sorrow and its wrong,  
To float in dreamy cadences away,  
To live in other realms, remote, afar,  
To well withdraw from earth's insistent day,  
To gather music from some distant star ;  
But in my life great forces seemed combined  
To make me sing of sorrow and of death,  
Of satisfactions which the soul may find,  
Born not of vagrant musings, in a breath,  
But rather born of travail and of loss,  
Or valorous conflict and of irksome care,  
Of struggle under some stupendous cross  
Which hath its fuller meanings elsewhere.



## GETHSEMANE.



HERE is a way which man hath  
trod

For lo! these vast, these countless  
years,

It is the way of life, of God,  
It is the way of night, of tears,  
Its windings we may not foresee,  
It is the way—Gethsemane.

It is the way whereby we know  
Life's larger meanings and its claims,  
The fellowship of human woe,  
Our partnership with others' pains.  
It is the way which seems to be  
Life's only way—Gethsemane.

## THE INITIATED.



TO those who truly love, life's way is  
beautiful and bright.

They find fresh glories with each  
morn, new wonders in each night.  
For them a thousand living streams of glad  
refreshment flow;  
They shape a city in their dreams which none  
can overthrow.

Each oush and bird, each shrub and flower,  
seem clothed for them anew.

They find the might of hidden power in all  
the deeds they do.

They joy alike in sun and rain, in calmness  
and in storm,

For they have known life's night of pain and  
found its after morn.

For them the tables of the gods with bounties  
rich are spread;

They drink life's wine of happiness and eat  
her living bread.

*THE INITIATED*

They are the great of heart and will, whose  
purposes are strong;  
The tasks unfolding they fulfill which to their  
lot belong.

They live, for they are one indeed with all  
the great of earth.  
The high, the low, all having need, partake  
alike their worth.  
They are the true, the faithful ones, the dis-  
ciplined of mind,  
In them alone, earth's dying sons shall full  
salvation find.

## LIMITATION.



ONCE beheld the ever restless sea,  
Goaded to fury by a driving storm,  
Roll up its ponderous waves against  
the shore,

As though its yawning depths would  
swallow up

The land, engulf the mountains, sweep across  
The plains, and bury every trace of earth  
Within its deeps.

Beheld it quite as well  
In its wild frenzy sweep its rigid coast,  
As if it had not for ten thousand years  
Thus foamed and fretted, torn and dashed its  
sides,  
In all its awful anguish to be free.

I heard its ceaseless moan as through the night,  
Wave after wave, which rolled along the shore,  
The unfeeling rocks broke and hurled back  
Upon its heaving bosom.

I have seen  
Man's ever restless life thus deeply stirred,  
Whipped by the tempests and the winds of  
time,

Lash up its briny deeps against the walls  
Those adamantine walls which hedge it in ;  
Have seen its writhing billows surge and roll,  
With agony of yearning and desire,  
As though it had not thus for myriad years  
Tossed, strained and labored, struggling to be  
free.

Mine ear hath heard the moaning and the  
wail,

As through the anxious watches of the night  
Man's restless heart hath wrought alone in  
tears ;

And stretching yearning fingers toward the  
sky,

Cried forth while echo, only, made reply—  
"O Lord, My God!"

## LOVE.



AS far as human need exists,  
Or echoes call,  
Love, limitless, divine, persists  
About us all.

Its pulsing waters never tell  
Of bounding shore ;  
They surge and roll and rise and swell  
Forevermore.

## THE VIKINGS.



ADVENTUROUS mate! We twain  
shall cut the crest,  
And toss upon the billows of new  
seas.

Our keel shall press where never keel hath  
pressed,  
Nor life beheld such wild discoveries.

We forth upon uncharted seas shall ride  
In hopes of mightier knowledge to attain.  
We shall attempt life's dark, uncertain tides,  
And with our prows plow her unfurrowed  
main.

Yea, mate, together we shall farther sail,  
Nor be distraught by aught of furious storm,  
Our songs of cheer shall swell upon the gale  
By which to farther regions we are borne.

And we shall live the robust life and free,  
The life triumphant, full of faith, and strong,  
Confiding in the goodness of life's sea,  
Unfearful of the vengeance of its wrong.

Ay! We shall ride together far and far,  
And know each other's voices in the night;  
A close companionship with every star  
Which lights our course and guides our craft  
aright.

And if our timbers cannot stand the strain,  
But smitten by the strong seas must go down,  
We shall have known the glory of the main,  
And each the other's valor ere we drown.

Then on and on, and let the wild winds blow,  
Then on and on, we are beyond recall,  
The mighty forces of the deep we know  
With God's great heaven overarching all.



## THE PROCESSIONAL.



IN the darkness sat I musing, when  
there wafted on the breeze  
Faintest murmurs, as of music, or the  
soughing of the trees ;  
Then they died away in distance, softly soon  
again to call  
Like the pleasing, gentle murmur of some  
distant waterfall ;  
Then they ceased, and with steady measure  
did they seem to rise  
Like some human soul outcalling through the  
darkness toward the skies.  
Weird it seemed, and yet the beauty more  
than human words can tell  
Seemed to whisper through the night-time,  
"All is peaceful; all is well."  
Long I waited, partly doubting of mine ear  
had rightly heard,  
If it were not something other than the outer  
sounds which stirred ;  
Long I waited, long I listened till the sweet-  
ness grew more clear,  
Human voices now were blending, and were  
falling on my ear.

*THE PROCESSIONAL*

Music 'twas divinely gracious, yet it seemed  
sublimely grand,  
Slowly rising, upward reaching, outward  
spreading o'er the land.  
'Twas a song of marchers singing; 'twas a  
mighty hymn of praise,  
Peace, good-will on earth, and promise of  
succeeding brighter days.  
Lo! the music nearer stealing while the  
countless voices rise,  
It is the song of triumph; God is ruling from  
his skies.  
Long I listened from the distance like a being  
quite apart,  
But the spirit of the music now hath flooded  
all my heart.  
The voices now no longer on the outer air do  
fall,  
They echo and reverberate throughout life's  
spacious hall.  
They enter her assemblage room, let all the  
people rise;  
The God of Hosts is with us now not less than  
in his skies.  
The mighty God is leading on his people as to  
war,

*THE PROCESSIONAL*

The battle is for righteousness, his banner  
floats before.

Equality for human rights—let all the people  
sing,

Let slavery's bonds be stricken off and love  
enthroned king.

Let woman's rights in government no longer  
foes assail,

Dispel the bonds of human thought and let  
the truth prevail,

Strike, strike at every monstrous wrong that  
seeks a place of power!

Death to each beast, however strong, that  
waiteth to devour.

Let childhood find its rightful place, and man  
his perfect part,

And Love and Joy and Peace and Hope be  
regnant in each heart.

Sing, sing, nor let the music die, nor let the  
song grow old,

The glory of its loveliness can never quite be  
told.

Sing, sing, the night is passing. Lo! The  
shadows break away;

Morn floods with light the eastern hills;  
Behold the break of day!

## DEVELOPMENT.



✧

HERE is beauty in the lily  
That lies nestled in the vale;  
There is beauty in the fresh new  
fallen snow,  
But, there's grandeur in the sturdy oak  
That mocks the mighty gale  
Whose fury laid its weakest neighbor low.

There is sweetness in the innocence  
That marks the little child,  
That is lost in quiet slumbers on the knee,  
But there's glory writ on manhood's brow  
Which shows the struggles wild  
Through which it wrought with passion to be  
free.

The sweet, pure life and innocent  
Is beautiful and rare,  
Attractive and delightful to behold;  
But the lives attaining glory  
Which is far beyond compare,  
Are the lives, which pain and suffering do  
unfold.

*DEVELOPMENT*

Paths of ease and paths of pleasure  
Lead not to the mountain height;  
Hearts, which neither bleed nor suffer, cannot  
    know  
All the fullness of the glory,  
All the rapture of the sight,  
Of the souls which struggled upward from  
    below.

## WOMAN.



WOMAN, moving at thy daily  
tasks

With all thy patience which the  
the years inspire,


Crowning the simple duties of the home  
With wealth of meaning otherwise unguessed,  
Asking for recompense no rich reward,  
No grand immortal monument of fame,  
But with the simple knowledge of a love,  
Some pitiable reflection of thine own,  
Amplly repaid, rejoiced and satisfied:  
In thee the Christ still lives and moves the  
world.

Thy sacrificial life exemplifies  
To man, engrossed in sordid, selfish care,  
That character which, centuries ago,  
Sprang from neglected earthly soil, yet bore  
An image true of heaven.

WOMAN

'Tis in thee,  
Queen of our earthly life, He liveth still;  
For well we know that, from thy sweet  
    example  
Of tireless love, of pure and strong devotion,  
We frame our noblest thoughts of life and  
    God,  
And through thee claim some kinship to the  
    skies.

## A FACE.

 WAS a face I shall never forget,  
Years may do what they will,  
For though memory serve me  
but illy

In thought it will still  
Be imprinted; yea, though life depart,  
That strange face shall remain;  
Its features indelibly etched on my heart,  
And I count it but gain.

'Twas not handsome—indeed it was worn;  
'Twas a man's who had wrought  
Out his course through much struggle, yet  
borne

High aloft in his thought  
A great purpose, sublime in its scope;  
All the features, in fine,  
Seemed to mirror the soul with its grand  
aspirations and hope,  
And reflect the Divine.



*A FACE*

In my folly I thought man a beast—  
But no more—in that face  
Was reflected a God, and today one, at least,  
Has new hopes for the race;  
For the meaning disclosed by those eyes  
Was ineffable love.  
'Twas no vision of earth; 'twas the light of  
the skies  
Somehow caught from above.

## THE SOWER.



SOWER, in a field, alone,  
Went forth to sow. In storm  
and sun  
He labored on till day was  
done,—

The task he deemed his own.

Not his the field, nor his the seed,  
But his the task the seed to sow.  
Not his to question or to know  
The harvest which might be decreed.

His but the duty. His the toil—  
The trusted toil on which would wait  
A harvest either small or great,  
To be determined by the soil.

He sowed—he did not question why  
The signs and portents seemed not fair,  
His single purpose was to bear  
His humble service ere he die.

## THE SOWER

His mission, though it seemed not great,  
But menial, narrow,—was full grand;  
The seed he scattered from his hand  
Might on the needs of thousands wait.

And unborn thousands might arise  
In future years, whose crying need  
Would bless the sowing of that seed,  
Nor less the sower's sacrifice.

But whether great results or small,  
Or waving harvests which might cheer  
The Master's heart the coming year,  
Or whether no results at all,

He sowed—the day was wearing late,  
He hurried on; he would not stay;  
The Voice which held him on his way  
Seemed the relentless voice of fate.

Day closed,—impending darkness warned—  
The toiler had not left the field;  
The morning following revealed  
The full task faithfully performed.

But who the sower, can none tell?  
And whither did he take his way?  
He lived. He wrought. He filled his day  
With fruitful toil. He passed—'tis well!

## TO A FRIEND.



YOU are my friend, no other name  
Conveys a meaning quite the  
same.

You are my friend, no power have I  
To name a dearer, closer tie.

The choicest treasure earth can send  
A mortal is a faithful friend.

What boots the rest?—the gold, the power,  
May vanish in an evil hour.

But friendship dearer grows and plays  
A holier part with passing days.

## EVOLUTION.



N dusty ways, through crowded  
streets,  
By winding paths, o'er mountains  
high,  
From varied scenes, athwart great deeps,  
A mighty concourse surgeth by.

Whence came they? Let the past awake  
And voice the secrets of its breast.  
Whence move they? Let the future make  
The answer, otherwise unguessed.

They are the actors of today,  
Inheritors of all the past,  
Within whom, germinating, play  
Tomorrow's issues grave and vast.

They come a mighty, growing throng,  
From primitive and simple ways,  
Blood-stained by ignorance and wrong,  
To greet the light of gladder days.

They seem arisen next the stone,  
By fish or bird or beast began,  
Till only countless ages own  
Their sure similitude to man.

Forced on by hunger's fires they ran  
O'er desert wastes, through forests wild,  
In bloody rivers sank or swam,  
Where mortal combat oft beguiled.

Their teachers were Necessity,  
Gaunt Hunger, and the Love of Kin,  
The Elements, at war without,  
And Passion, clamorous within.

And thus they lived, and thus they died,  
And thus they wrought, and thus they grew  
And thus they struggled, thus they tried  
To read life's deeper meanings through.

The love of kin in time began  
To comprehend a larger whole,  
Till love of every fellowman  
Was preached by prophets of the soul.

And ignorance's damning blight,  
Whose signet is the skull and bone,  
Gave way as wisdom's holy light  
Across her gulf of death was thrown.

The darkness hath abated and  
The light shines brighter on the way;  
It is alone mankind which stands  
To cloud the fullness of her day.

Press on! The guerdon is not gained;  
Press on! Still greater heights appear;  
Press on! The goal is not attained,  
Though victory soundeth near.

## TO THE INFINITE.



IFE of God, unseen, eternal,  
Coursing through the years of  
time,  
Freely flowing, grand, supernal,  
All our lives are fed of thine.

Thine the fullness, never failing,  
Which our starving natures need,  
Careworn, burdened, faulty, ailing,—  
Life of God, on thee we feed.

As the rivers seek the ocean,  
Varied though their courses be,  
So our lives of wild commotion,  
Rest not till they flow to thee.

Ocean of Eternal Blessing,  
Purging every earthly shore,  
Lo! Our tossing lives are pressing,  
Toward thy fullness evermore.



## NIGHT.



OD! 'tis night!

No moon! Yet in the mighty  
firmament

The stars shine forth resplendent  
in the glory

Which no years have dimmed, nor passing  
ages lessened.

'Tis indeed the wonder of a thinking mind,  
This universe of worlds, speaking to us from  
out

The spaces, of the power which holds them in  
Their courses, and calls them on in their  
respective ways

Forever.

Art angry? Come with me, and in  
The silence of the nighttime lift thine eyes  
Above, and in the presence of ten thousand  
worlds,

Midst which ours is an infant,—cease thy  
wrath.

NIGHT

Art busy with thy blocks, or with thy beads?  
Have done and stroll an hour beneath the sky,  
Recall man's ancient history and conceive  
How recent is the advent of our kind  
Compared with all those mighty forces which  
Do still impel the planets, ponder well—  
Perchance 'twill rest thee from thy narrow  
    thought,  
Compose thy soul and give thee better heart  
To undertake the duties of the morrow.

## OMNIA SUNT SANCTA.



IN all this world I see no common  
thing,

The very clay which pushes from  
the soil,

The tiniest flower that blossoms in the sun  
Is instinct all with life, the miracle.

Profane, you say, this world of struggling men?  
There's nothing more profane than human  
thought,

Which would decry creation's travailings,  
Clothe with fine splendor unimagined God,  
Yet spurn his quivering voice which speaks  
to us

From out the very tumult of the street.  
There is no secular, and when the night  
Of ignorance is wasted and the day  
Of hallowed light appears shall men discern  
In every shape that crawls upon the earth.

In every creature buried in the deep,  
In every form that wingeth through the sky,  
An element which is of man a part,  
Beneficent, deep-permeating all,  
Life, wondrous life, which is the soul of God

## THE REVELATION.



THE birds never sang quite so gaily,  
The sunshine which peers through  
my door  
Bringeth gladness and happiness  
daily  
Where night seemed unbroken before.

The joy, the rare pleasure of living,  
These, these are my portion today,  
Instead of receiving I'm giving,  
For love hath encountered my way.

I rejoice, I am glad,—no more fearful  
Of what the great future may send.  
Faith aspires, Hope is born, I am cheeful,  
For life hath unbosomed a friend,

## SUNRISE.



Is the daylight swift approaching?

It is well!

Night too long has been encroaching—

Strange to tell;

Night with all its shapes and fancies,

Sombre scenes and spectral glances,

Lo! The day of light advances,

Night was hell.

Is the sun of knowledge lifting?

Hail the day!

Are life's somber shadows shifting

Quite away?

Let us then be not affrighted

Like some craven souls benighted,

But rejoice and be delighted.

Well we may!

## A PENTWATER SUNSET.



PICTURE saidst? Methinks not  
long ago  
One eve at sunset on a mount  
that lo!

As fair a scene unfolded as man's eyes  
Have ever witnessed in the sea or skies.  
Calm 'twas; far out upon the waters lay  
Sailboats at rest. The breezes of the day  
Gave place to nature's quiet, and the deep,  
Calm and untroubled, waited as in sleep.  
Beauty! If ever from a mountain's brow  
Mine eyes beheld it, I behold it now  
As I recall the memories of that sky  
So filled with marvels for my wondering eye.  
Such colors blended,—crimson, blue and gold,  
Canvas ne'er yet hath yielded powers to hold:  
Clouds, sun-appareled, yet did some appear  
Dark and prophetic that a storm was near.

*A PENTWATER SUNSET*

We watched it there together, you and I,  
Daylight's departing glory, saw day die,  
Saw the great orb which lighted up the day  
Dip into darkest cloud and sink away.  
A picture wouldst? Well, if I should incline  
To label one so matchless and so fair,  
I'd call it God's most perfect, most divine.  
And bow my head and bathe my soul in  
prayer.



WALT WHITMAN.



    FAR from the dry and dusty way,  
    The beaten track, the noisy street,  
    The towering walls, I stroll  
        today  
To where life's ocean currents sweep  
And ebb and flow in tireless play.

I gaze as far as eye can see,  
    I hail the freedom, greet the wild,  
Impassioned voices borne to me;  
    I find that I am nature's child  
And have her spirit, wild and free.

Forgotten is the narrow street,  
    The beaten path, the dusty way,  
Tired faces I was wont to meet;  
    Behold! It is life's holiday,  
Great waves are dashing at my feet.

Forgotten? Nay, beheld more true  
By means of such perspective vast,  
The lens my vision peereth through,  
New light upon life's ways hath cast  
Revealing glories fresh and new.

Gone are the cares which fret the mind,  
The griefs which prey upon the heart,  
Life's burdens, lo! today I find  
The joys which freely life imparts  
To those with simple faith resigned.

Back move I to the world of men  
With braver step and firmer tread;  
The soul hath found its own again,  
The sordid, selfish life is dead,  
A breeze seems wafting from God's glen.

## NECESSITY.



**N**CESSITY, how I did hate thy  
power,  
Which bound me willy-nilly to  
my woe;  
Robbed my fair hopes; razed my  
secluded bower;  
Bade me life's stress and struggle undergo.

How I rebelled, entreated, agonized,  
Sought to withdraw and take the fairer way;  
But thou didst bind me as a captive prized,  
Turned a deaf ear when I besought to stay.

I stumbled in my weakness, cried aloud:  
"Hold thou! My cup of bitterness put by,  
Let me withdraw from out the tiresome crowd  
Wherein I falter, weary, sick to die."

## NECESSITY

Stern teacher, all remorseless, thou dost still  
Allot thy babes hard lessons in thy school;  
Bind heavy burdens, circumvent man's will;  
Shape every life by thy mysterious rule.

And yet, and yet, may it not be thy hand  
Which, pressing hard upon us, makes to flow  
Life fuller, richer, for a needy land,  
Joy, deathless joy, where otherwise were  
woe?

Strange, strange thy power, may it not be, who  
knows,  
But we, unthinking, have misguessed thy  
name?  
Perchance life's King thou art, which by our  
throes  
His fuller, gracious coming doth proclaim.

Then forward lead; I falter now no more;  
I see beyond the present's little day  
The far-off reaches of a golden shore,  
Toward which mankind through struggle  
takes his way.

## ENTANGLED.



IN truth I knew her—knew her when  
a child,

She seemed so bright, so happy,  
yet so wild,

So natural, yet so free.

Free as a bird which, in the open air,  
Carols its songs without apparent care  
For what is yet to be.

Knew her in after years, as graceful, gay,  
And with abounding life she led the way  
In dance and game and song.

I knew the cunning, the designing art,  
Which led her footsteps on their first false start  
In slippery ways of wrong.

*ENTANGLED*

I met her since—O, calumny of fate!  
Baffled and buffeted by scorn and hate,  
    The wreckage of the past.  
Thrown on the shoals where life's remorseless  
    waves,  
Ghoul-like cast up the dying from their graves  
    Nor let death hold them fast.

I am a man in years—have met the shocks  
Of all life's varied fortune and its knocks,  
    But when are piled  
Upon my thought the memories of that face—  
Despairing agony, remorse, disgrace—  
    Oh God! I am a child.

Say you she was accursed? Nay, I trow,  
Those burning eyes of hers which haunt me  
    now  
    Refute the lie.  
There is a gracious harbor known somewhere  
To claim such souls whose misery is their  
    prayer,  
    And only hope to die.

## WITH THY HAND IN MY OWN.



WHEN in thought from the world  
Of dire conflict I'm free,  
And those visions of rapture  
Most lovely I see,  
Then my mind paints a picture,  
My dear one, of thee  
With thy hand in my own.

With thy hand in my own  
Would I find my release  
From the doubts I have known;  
All forebodings would cease  
And my soul would have entered  
God's heaven of peace  
With thy hand in my own.

## UNSEEN FORCES.



WE deal with forces vast, com-  
pletely hidden,  
Which mortals may not see;  
But which by every throe of life  
seem bidden  
To change our destiny.

There is a power, no matter how we term it,  
Surrounding all our lives;  
A matchless power, though we may not dis-  
cern it,  
Which human cause defies.

We play with things so idly, seldom choosing  
Their real intrinsic worth,  
As little children by their folly losing  
The priceless things of earth.



*UNSEEN FORCES*

We have been blinded by a thousand ages  
Of ignorance and greed,  
Like the untutored groping toward those stages  
Whence they may wisely read.

Life's countless voices speak unnumbered les  
sons,  
Most beautiful and grand,  
Which with maturer wisdom, keener insight,  
We yet shall understand.

## THE KNIGHTED.



FEW lead wherever man must go,  
A few—the Great, the Strong,  
the Brave,  
Must dare the storm and dare  
the wave  
And dare the deeps they may not know.

And dare to trust the Truth which calls  
When Error standeth bold without  
With brazen shield and sword of doubt  
And hurls defiance from her walls.

And dare to lead when craven, weak  
And cowardly spirits shrink with fear,  
And dare to sing the song of cheer,  
And dare their honest thoughts to speak.

'Twas ever thus since life began,  
But few first comprehend the right,  
The torch of few must shed the light  
To guide the onward march of man.

## THE EMANCIPATED.



WHAT do we care for the foolish  
opinions  
Of those who but infantile  
knowledge have known?  
We, we, who have traversed life's larger  
dominions,  
And builded in thoughts more eternal our  
home.

What do we care for their judgments, their  
chidings,  
We, who have lived with the masters of old?  
What do we care for their scornful deridings,  
We, who have gathered life's fullness untold?

What do we care, we, familiar with sorrow,  
What do we care, we, companions of pain?  
Shall craven fear of an unborn tomorrow  
Fetter our spirits or torture our brain?

*THE EMANCIPATED*

Forward! Exultantly! We shall march  
steadily,

Fearlessly, earnestly, bravely and well ;  
Hopeful, believingly, honestly, readily  
Taking what comes to us—Heaven or Hell.

We are not mocking ones, jesting and simper-  
ing,

We are not scornful ones, seekers for wrong,  
We are not hapless ones, whining and whim-  
pering,

We are life's earnest ones, eager and strong.

Who shall confound us and who shall abase us?

Who shall deter us as forthward we fare?

Man cannot conquer us, devils may face us,

But devils shall quail before mortals which  
dare.

## DEATH AND LIFE.



HEY die, who live regardless of  
their brothers;  
Oblivion is sure.  
But lives which interpenetrate  
each other's  
Forever shall endure.

Like eagles, swift and mighty are their pinions  
O'er unscaled heights to soar;  
They sweep above earth-fettered, dark domin-  
ions  
In light forever more.

## WHY WE BELIEVE IN EQUAL SUFFRAGE:



**B**ECAUSE we believe in human rights,  
Not chiefly for the strong;  
But rights as well for those oppressed  
Who greatly suffer wrong.

Because we believe in brotherhood  
And all that term implies;  
Because we hate injustice  
And oppression much despise.

Because the time is ripe for truth  
And ripe for worthy deeds;  
Because of man's necessities  
And woman's urgent needs.

Because of childhood yet unborn  
And rights which should be theirs;  
Because 'tis time for action now  
And past the time for prayers.

*WHY WE BELIEVE IN EQUAL SUFFRAGE*

Because we count it now the time  
When human strife should cease ;  
Because we believe it means a stride  
Toward universal peace.

## THE GAMBLER.



HE played for higher stakes than  
worldly gain;  
He played for other prizes than  
success,  
He played a princely hand  
through poignant pain—  
Pain unremitting—pain without redress.

He early played for what he hoped to win—  
A love for which he vainly dreamed and  
sighed;  
But now he played while Hell-fire raged  
within—  
For but one drop of mercy from his bride.

He played his fortune—that was quickly lost;  
He played his reputation and his skill;  
He still played on, though noting now the  
cost—  
A worthy manhood and an honest will



*THE GAMBLER*

God pity him—the gambler in life's game,  
Who lost while playing for the best he knew.  
The game goes on—how many lose the same!  
The winners of life's stakes, how strangely  
few!

## THE CONFLICT.



HALT? Falter? Never!  
Midst battle smoke and roar and  
tongue of fire,  
Onward, forever!  
On! On! Against the foe!  
On! Counting naught the woe!  
On! By God's grace we'll go  
With fresh endeavor.

Tire? Weary? Rest us?  
Nay, while strength lasts, up! Forth, and  
ever dare,  
Let men detest us!  
Strike like a warrior bold!  
Grasp nor relax thy hold!  
Smite ere the day grow old  
And night arrest us!

*THE CONFLICT*

Quick, strong and daring !  
Out from the halting and the idle throng  
Waiting, not caring,  
Fly like an iron ball  
Hurled at the fortress wall !  
Hear ye the cannon's call ?  
Fight ye, naught sparing !

Rageth the battle !  
Into those jaws which like Hell seem to gape  
Plunge like mad cattle !  
Ha ! Laugh ! A thousand die !  
Ha ! Laugh ! The end is nigh.  
Joy, if thy victor's cry  
Drown our death rattle !

## OLD AGE.



WITH joy I wait the waning year,  
Nor doubt the good 'twill  
bring,  
For Autumn hath filled granaries  
If not the flowers of Spring.

And richer treasures, which abide,  
Within her lap are laid,  
Than all the wealth of loveliness  
Which Springtime's art displayed.

I glory in the reddening leaf  
And in the fading flower,  
For life within the garnered sheaf  
Is multiplied with power.

And though the storms of winter break  
Across a darkened sky,  
I know a larger life doth wait,  
Which was not born to die.

## WHEN THE NIGHT CLOSES IN.



WHEN the night closes in, let no  
mourners appear,  
Let no tears be outpoured, let no  
weepers be near,  
Let no words of lament be pro-  
nounced o'er my bier  
When the night closes in.

When the night closes in, let some glad song of  
morn,  
As a song of great hope or of triumph be  
borne,  
Like the song of a bird coming after the  
storm,  
When the night closes in.

*WHEN THE NIGHT CLOSES IN*

When the night closes in, let me have one  
friend nigh,  
Whom I loved while I lived, to attend as I  
die;  
And a glimpse of God's glorious star-  
studded sky,—  
When the night closes in.

When the night closes in, let the word then be  
said  
That nothing of value departs with the dead,  
But life more abundant is born in its stead,  
When the night closes in.



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